

XXX. (FEAT. U2.)

Kendrick Lamar

America, God bless you if it's good to you
America please take my hand
Can you help me underst-
New Kung Fu Kenny Throw a steak off the yacht
To a pool full of sharks, he'll take it
Leave him in the wilderness
With a sworn nemesis, he'll make it
Take the gratitude from him
I bet he'll show you something, woah
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga little bit of nothin'
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
Walk myself to the court like bitch I did that x-rated
Johnny don't wanna go to school no more, no more
Johnny said books ain't cool no more (no more)
Johnny wanna be a rapper like his big cousin
Johnny caught a body yesterday out hustlin'
God bless America you know we all love him
Yesterday I got a call like from my dog like 101
Said they killed his only son because of insufficient funds
He was sobbin', he was mobbin', way belligerent and drunk
Talkin' out his head philosphin' on what the lord had done
He said, "K-Dot can you pray for me?
It's been a fucked up day for me
I know that you anointed, show me how to overcome"
He was lookin' for some closure
Hopin' I could bring him closer
To the spiritual, my spirit do no better, but I told him
"I can't sugar coat the answer for you
This is how I feelâ€”if somebody kill my son
That mean somebody's gettin' killed"
Tell me what you do for love, loyalty, and passion of
All the memories collected, moments you could never touch
I wait in front a niggas spot and watch him hit his block
I'll catch a nigga leavin' service if that's all I got
I'll chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
Walk myself to the court like, "Bitch I did that"
Ain't no black power when your baby killed by a coward

I can't even keep the peace, don't you fuck with one of ours
 It be murder in the street, it be bodies in the hour
 Ghetto bird on the street, paramedics on the dial
 Let somebody touch my momma
 Touch my sister, touch my woman
 Touch my daddy, touch my niece
 Touch my nephew, touch my brother
 You should chip a nigga then throw the blower in his lap
 Matter fact, I'm 'bout to speak at this convention
 Call you back Alright kids we're gonna talk about gun control
 (Pray for me) Damn It's not a place
 This country is to be a sound of drum and bass
 You close your eyes to look around Hail Mary, Jesus and Joseph
 The great American flag
 Is wrapped and dragged with explosives
 Compulsive disorder, sons and daughters
 Barricaded blocks and borders
 Look what you taught us
 It's murder on my street, your street, back streets
 Wall street, corporate offices, banks
 Employees and bosses with homicidal thoughts
 Donald Trump's in office, we lost Barack
 And promised to never doubt him again
 But is America honest or do we bask in sin?
 Pass the gin, I mix it with American blood
 Then bash him in, you cripin' or you married to blood?
 I'll ask again "oops" accident
 It's nasty when you set us up
 Then roll the dice, then bet us up
 You overnight the big rifles, then tell Fox to be scared of us
 Gang members or terrorists, et cetera, et cetera
 Americas reflections of me
 That's what a mirror does It's not a place
 This country is to be a sound of drum and bass
 You close your eyes to look arâ€™

Songwriters

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